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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"TO THE HILLS."

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.—*The Psalms.*

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes"—I've heard 'em sing the psalm,
An' thought of how, close to the skies, the hills rose grand an' calm;
How peacefully they raised their heads an' stood serene an' still,
A-blazin' with their greens an' reds—each hope-inspirin' hill.
I like the sober hush they've got—it's just as if they meant
To send to me this gentle thought: "Oh, poor man, be content!"

The hills! God made 'em every one, an' freshens 'em with dew,
An' makes 'em golden with the sun to gladden me an' you.
Down here there's bitterness an' strife; an' lots o' things seem vain;
An' we make our complaints at life here on the noisy plain.
But there, the hills lift up their heads, an' we can look an' see
Where brooks play in their gleamin' beds an' sparkle in their glee.

I've watched the hills when just at dawn the sun swept up the slope,
An' knew my night of doubt had gone an' left a day of hope.
I've watched the hills at evenin' time, all silvered by the moon,
When from their sides in tones sublime the breezes brought a croon
An' all the world grew good to me—an' all the world was still.
Oh, them's the times a man can see the glory of a hill!

I reckon David must 'a' been a man like me or you,
That had his own sore fights to win, just as all humans do;
An' he looked to them hills of his that breathed of quiet peace—
Just like our hills, where comfort is, an' all our troubles cease.
"I to the hills will lift mine eyes"—I've heard 'em sing the psalm;
An' in each mellow note there lies a blessin' pure an' calm.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1908 | NUMBER 20

May we, then, this day, and through all coming time, seek the Good! Let us give our thought to virtue; our wills to righteousness; our hands to helpfulness; make the religion we profess a religion of saving power; live in the Ideal; in the sphere of exalted sentiment and exalting deed. And this shall be to us a new and actual redeemer, a salvatiou from sin; an ever-increasing commonwealth of right and blessedness. We shall be growing in harmony with the upward-trending Nature of Things. *James H. West.*

The article on Gifford Pinchot, forester, in *McClure's* for July is timely reading for vacation time. Let those who seek forest shades learn the value of a tree and support the government in its effort to conserve the same.

UNITY has expressed its distress over the crazy, screeching and oftentimes vulgar attempts in color on the front cover pages of current weeklies and monthlies. In the midst of this advertising dazzle it is refreshing to come upon the charming picture, so full of pathos, history and sweetness, on the front cover of *St. Nicholas* for July. Well may it be called the flag number, if only for the sake of this cover picture.

A lay editorial in a recent *Sunday Tribune* speaks of egotism as the young man's handicap. "I have discharged three young men from this department in three years because of the 'big head'," is the testimony of a department conductor in a great institution. This editorial characterizes this self-complacency as the peculiar danger of college graduates. The college course that turns out a young man or woman supremely satisfied with self is of doubtful value. Educational institutions do well when they turn out smart graduates, but they do ill when they turn out "smarties."

The English proposition to set the clocks of the realm ahead eighty minutes in order to fit the working day more squarely into the daylight, which at first was looked upon as a joke, commends itself to the sober second thought of the English Parliament and is sure to win. And in due time the "progressive" United States will follow after. This new regulation of the clocks by law is only a social attempt to enforce the old-time maxims of "Work while it is day" and "Make hay while the sun shines." Daylight is cheaper as well as healthier than gas light or electric light.

All indications go to show that the new primary law of Illinois with all its defects is working. The politicians are excited. A great rush has been made for a position on the ballot. Some of the anxious candidates sat up all night so as to be ready when the door opened. Others slid down fire escapes so as to get in ahead of the column, while still others by stealth or intrigue climbed over the wall, so to speak, found entrance not through the door. When the committee intimated that the slates made by the bosses would occupy the head of the lists there were angry protests and threats of legal or violent interference. All this is as interesting and encouraging as it is educative. The "intelligent voter" will be amused and will do much thinking. If the bosses monopolize the top of the column let the word be passed along the line, "Begin to read your ticket from bottom upward." If the office-hungry crowd can be starved out there will be less heat and more judgment exercised in the selection of the ticket in the future than in the past.

"Athletics *Versus* Physical Culture" seems to be the case now on trial at the bar of public opinion and before the bench of College Presidents. The strain and the excitement of the contestants on the athletic fields of our colleges have rendered tame and uninteresting all the normal uses of the gymnasium. This lack of interest has spread until the gymnasiums of the Y. M. C. A. settlement houses, public schools and churches find it hard to hold the attention or to command the practice prescribed by the physician for men, women, boys and girls, and which is the obvious need of flabby muscle and undisciplined tendons and nerves. The trapeze, parallel bars and swinging rings have lost their charm unless they lead to some "championship" to be fought for farther on. Obviously this academic distortion of values is traceable to the false leadership of our "higher" institutions of learning, as obviously it becomes the duty of these same institutions to correct the fallacies they have engendered and bring back the academic sanity into bodily as well as into mental training.

Judge McKenzie Cleland is a man ahead of his time. Even progressive Chicago was not sure he was right. His associate judges were quite sure that he was working without precedent, and consequently they called a halt and put him out of the paroling business. But his experience of thirteen months as a municipal court judge in a desperate section of the city of Chicago, the Maxwell Street district, has made a lasting contribution to progressive criminology. Well does he call it "The New Gospel in Criminology," and every friend of law and order who believes in the educatability of human nature will read Judge Cleland's article under the above caption in the July *McClure's Magazine*

with profound interest. We cannot within the space of an editorial note indicate his method, still less show its success. Haply the article is so near at hand. In brief, the judge applied the principle of "probation" to the adult delinquents at his bar, a large percentage of them being such from over drink, which has proved so successful in the case of juvenile delinquents. We may look for a widespread movement in the very next session of state legislatures along the prophetic ways blazed by Judge Cleland in the Chicago courts, who during the thirteen months he was permitted to practice in this court placed 1,231 persons on probation. Ninety-two per cent of the paroled, he tells us, kept the terms of the parole and became sober and industrious citizens and, according to the testimony of some of the officers, reduced crime one-half in that district. Let every UNITY reader see to it that his representative in his state legislature reads this article and takes steps to further post himself. Tell him that this business is surely coming up at the next session.

The "Bloody Fourth" has again passed into history and the gory record of Independence Day is being rapidly forgotten, notwithstanding all the talk about a "sane Fourth," with the paper proclamations of Mayor against the sale or use of firearms. The last has proved the bloodiest yet. The figures compiled by the *Chicago Tribune* of July 6 put the dead at 71, the injured at 2,624, the fire loss at $525,935.00. Of course these figures were inadequate, for it was too soon to add the long list of victims from lock-jaw that always follows. What does all this mean? Something much more profound than the lawlessness of American youths, the recklessness of the boy. Are the police force of your city so imbecile that they cannot execute the plain order of the Mayor on the 4th day of July? Are the preachings of the church and the prohibitions of the home so impotent? The plain truth is that neither Mayor nor police, preacher or parents have taken this matter with sufficient seriousness. They have not meant what they said. The spirit of trade, the ruling passion for barter, strong in death, dominates the Fourth as the other days of July. There is a vast amount of money vested in fireworks. The sale of fire crackers aids the sale of lemonade and ice cream, but it is an indispensable element in the traffic in beer and whisky. A thoughtful Fourth would be "bad for business" and the most heinous treason is that which depresses trade. Better that the gruesome battle should go on than that money should be lost on explosives and that the multitude should forget to order their drinks and justify the patriotism of the committee that invested time and money in the interest of a jolly Fourth that would make Fourth of July trade lively. When the American people believe in a life-saving rather than in a life-destroying Fourth they will have it.

One of the balloons that took part in the Chicago Fourth of July race dipped into Lake Michigan, putting the riders in great peril. The man in charge said to the boy attendant in the moment of direst dangear, "Believe in God, my boy. I believe in him, don't fear." The boy replied, "I'll believe in you!" There was not so much difference in these faiths as most people will think. The chief point was to believe in something, to keep courage up, to trust in the higher powers, whatever they were or however represented. The boy's faith as much as the man's was a faith in the divine.

Newspaper Material in Covers

The alarming facility of modern book-making threatens to add to the perplexity of the "general reader" by putting into permanent form a lot of matter that is necessarily fleeting; putting that touch of beauty and permanence which claims a place on the library shelf, to that which has no claim for space beyond the library table, where the passing material stops for a while on its way to oblivion.

The most attractive of such books that lies upon our table is "A Week in the White House With Theodore Roosevelt."[1] As the result of some happy connivance unexplained, William Bayard Hale, of the *New York Times,* broke into the presence and to a degree into the confidences of the whirlwind President for a whole week—the result of which is most graphically told and interestingly illustrated in this pretty bit of book-making. This near view of the President confirms the estimate which everybody carries of him based on a longer-ranged study.

Roosevelt works in the open, scarcely shielded by glass doors. Frank, prompt, incisive, insistent, and explosive, in trying to print the President's conversation there is a generous use of caps and small caps.

Admirable and much admired as this man is, we doubt if Mr. Hale has wisely chosen his words when he said, "He is the idol of more Americans than any other man has ever been." The idol of a people must carry what Roosevelt fails to carry, the impression of serenity, poise, peace, which Lincoln had in such large measure. Roosevelt is more of a leader than an inspirer. Disclaiming, as he does, the qualities of a genius, he illustrates the splendid resource of a man in love with his work and with plenty of work to do. As a practical demonstration of the unmeasured potency of human nature at its maximum of interest Theodore Roosevelt is well worthy of study and Mr. Hale's sketch is a convenient and timely contribution to the study of the man who "because he has time for outdoor play finds time for a hundred features of work indoors which no other President ever did."

Our President has been a most useful man and has in him still great possibilities of usefulness. It may be a long while before another occupies the chair with such progressive potency. But the American people will do well to reserve their highest admiration for some man other than one who "while an advocate of peace is a lover of war," one who "makes pets of the army and navy," who boasts that he sent

the fleet around the globe and who will "never give in on a matter of principle," who has appointed many cheap men to office, and jollied low politicians in order to win his point farther on.

It was questionable service that the publishers rendered Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, when they gathered into a portly volume[2] twenty-eight of his addresses on current topics. There is place for the conservative in public affairs. Conservatism is a fundamental principle in the life of the state as of the individual, but it is a sad thing to find a young man consuming his youthful vitality with the enthusiasm of the backward and the downward look. Nature has provided amply for brakes and hold-backs. There is place for the breeching as well as the collar in the harness that belongs to the car of state. But the forces of youth should be concentrated on the collar. Let old age man the brakes and settle in the breeching.

It is questionable service to the Indiana senator to put into book form his bumptious speech of January, 1900, on the "Philippine Policy"—so full of the lurid rhetoric of "conquest," "possessions" and "expansions," of his familiarity with "Providence" and his Anglo-Saxon bluster. The intelligent, sensitive, humble soul has little relish for these sentences when found in cold type in a bound book:

> "These islands are a self-supporting, dividend-paying fleet, permanently anchored at a spot selected by the strategy of Providence commanding the Pacific."
>
> "They are blind and nothing more who plan to surrender this commercial advantage in the Orient which Providence and our soldiers' lives have won for us."
>
> "Every foot of the island is a revelation of vegetable and mineral riches. * * * The woods of the Philippines can supply the furniture of the world for a century to come."

Thus he continues to boast of the mountains of coal, the "mineral wealth that will one day surprise the world." He exploits the philosophy of advertising and claims that "nothing is so natural as trade with one's neighbors," unless it be, Mr. Senator, to rob and murder one's neighbors if the appeal is to be made to history and the line run far enough back.

He talks about the Filipinos as a "barbarous race modified by three centuries of contact with a decadent race." He finds "only three commanding intellects and characters in the archipelago." But we will not quote from the wretched sophistry that tries to prove that the Declaration of Independence did not mean what it said or say what it meant concerning the "consent of the governed" as the basis of all just government.

It is but just to remember that these speeches were uttered eight or more years ago. The pity of it is that they were put into a book which shows the fundamental perversion of Democracy in the mind of the eloquent senator from Indiana. In this "book" Lincoln is made to wear the livery of a high priest of conservatism, and Grant, the pacific, who deplored all war, particularly wars of conquest,—witness his hatred of the Mexican war,—is made to support the logic that makes the Philippines the first target in "Our war for civilizations," which will also be the "morning gun of the new day in the Republic's imperial career." This young Indianian makes Grant one who "never forgot that we are a conquering race and that we must obey our blood and occupy new markets and if necessary new lands." And Washington is here made the prince of compromisers.

Albert Shaw in his introduction of this book, speaks of Mr. Beveridge as "an orator in a time when orators are very few."

Let us pray that the orators who exploit this devil's epigram, "Our country, may she ever be right, but right or wrong, our country," grow fewer, and the statesmanship which bases the Republic's prosperity on the low levels of "labor, currency and commerce" become more and more obsolete.

But that Senator Beveridge, though often "gone wrong" in politics, is a bright man, with kindly heart and noble tastes, becomes evident when one reads among these papers his estimate of Frances Willard and Whitcomb Riley and his noble appeal for the better protection of child labor on the Senate floor. Most of this fiery Jingoism belongs to the war frenzy, the imperial passion and purse-proud commercial ascendancy episodes in the post-bellum years of United States history. Our statesmen are breathing a saner air now. There are signs that Senator Beveridge is growing wiser. His friends and admirers will hurry to forget much that is in this book.

"Which College for the Boys?"[3] is another book made of newspaper stuff—very readable and quite timely. Here John Corbin, himself a college man, has presented in short, graphic fashion the leading characteristics and special attractions of Princeton, Harvard, Michigan, Cornell, Chicago and Wisconsin Universities. Harvard is characterized as a "Germanized University"; Cornell, a "Technical University"; Wisconsin, a "Utilitarian University," and Chicago, a "University by Enchantment." The last three chapters, on "The Farmer's Awakening," "The Small College Versus the University" and "The Question of Expense" offer much practical information as well as valuable pedagogical suggestion to the anxious parents who are trying to find out where best to send their son or daughter when it becomes necessary for them to go away from home. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have done their work well and the book is illuminated with interesting photographs.

From the Putnam House come two beautiful solid volumes of magazine material glorified with ample illustrations. It is a long time now since the camera first broke into literature and claimed a place on the library. These two volumes indicate the assault of the automobile and its inevitable success in the same direction.

"Through Italy With Car and Camera,"[4] by Dan Fellows Platt, with two hundred illustrations, is a sort of a glorified vindication of Lowell's fireside travel theory. Many years ago our American poet discov-

ered how much cheaper and in many ways more profitable it was to travel abroad while staying at home with slippered feet on the fender. Quite aside from the letter-text these two hundred pictures, many of them after the old masters, are, to say the least, very interesting, the next best thing to those who can't go abroad. And doubtless hundreds who have "motored" from Venice to Milan, from Rome to Naples, who have been to Sienna, Perugia and the score of other places, have missed much of what is found in this book.

"Motor Days in England,"[5] by John M. Dillon, has more text and less picture than the Italy book, but it is very readable, although we note that the portions of the itinerary paralleled by the present writer's memory and experience are less satisfactory than those that refer to unvisited regions. But whether one has been in England or not, this book is fresh and informing. The five chapters on Oxford University illumine English history and elevate one's conception of England's contribution to art, literature and religion.

Those who wisely seek the seclusion of country shades, the quiet of rural hammocks, can enrich their vacation by joining Mr. Platt's automobile party in Italy or Mr. Dillon's jolly party that "motored it" along the Thames to Hampden Court, Eton College, Windsor Castle, Winchester, Oxford and beyond.

1. A Week in the White House With Theodore Roosevelt. By William Bayard Hale. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
2. "The Meaning of the Times and Other Speeches." By Albert J. Beveridge. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
3. Which College for the Boy? Leading Types in American Education. By John Corbin. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
4. Through Italy With Car and Camera. By Dan Fellows Platt. With two hundred illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
5. Motor Days in England. By John M. Dillon. With map and 64 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sunshine in the Shadows

There are glimpses in the shadows
Of the sunlight sifting through;
There are echoes of the voices
Wafted back from those we knew.

There are foot-prints we may follow
Through the shifting sands of time,
Into valleys sometimes pleasant,
Over mountains hard to climb.

There are ripples on the water
Where they cross who go before;
Wind and tide and circumstances
Favor those with willing oar.

There are moments when we falter,
Weary, doubting by the way;
But strong hands unseen, yet kindly,
Lead us on from day to day.

There are words condoling offered
To relieve a breaking heart;
There are helpers all about us
If we need and do our part.

There's no night but morning follows
To dispel the darkness all;
There's a love that will sustain us
While bitterest tears may fall.

Though our last hope be unrealized,
And disheartened we complain;
See the promise in the rainbow,
And the sunshine follow rain.

Stephen Marion Watson.

THE PULPIT

The Symbolism of Christianity

By Arthur W. Spencer.

Christianity as a system of thought belongs to the ancient rather than to the modern world. The writings of Paul and John exhibit a temper quite foreign to that of mediæval and modern times. Curious speculations of the ante-Nicene period, recalling in ingenuity the pagan theories collected by Cicero in his treatise *De Natura Deorum,* have left their impress on the whole subsequent course of theology. Casuistries have become creeds, outworn theories have crystallized into dogmas. Beliefs at first consecrated by the sincerity and nobility of earnest seekers after truth have been desecrated by the misguided piety which has labored to perpetuate meanings that have been brushed aside by the resistless march of knowledge.

Yet the passing of the older theology does not imply any loss of vitality in that which is truly sacred and sacredly true in the great religion which has for nearly two thousand years ruled the western world. In its inception Christianity was not an intellectual belief but a mystery of the inmost life. To this fact even Paul bore witness: "And I, brethren, when I came among you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom proclaiming to you the mystery of God; . . . my speech and my preaching were not in persuasive words of wisdom but in demonstration of the spirit and of power, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God.* Neither ecclesiastical councils nor decrees of popes have availed to displace this conception of Christianity as fundamentally a reality of the heart rather than of the mind.

There is a psychological necessity, explain it as we may, which forces us to assign reasons for believing in God and in the truth of religion. Faith must have its logic, or become a mere *Aberglaube.* Whenever we attempt to estimate the validity of religion, the propriety of its beliefs rather than of its emotions is first to be considered. Yet when science and philosophy have seemingly probed to the bottom the deepest riddles of life, the soul finds itself unable to be content with those colorless ultimate results. Even in those cold, matter-of-fact solutions it finds evidence of the awe and illusion of existence. It cannot stop with barren denial, but must press onward, clothing with imagination and poetry realities which are so elusive as to baffle the intellect. The mind has to invest bare negation with a meaning, for thought cannot come to a dead stop. Thus are many religious meanings found in the apparently colorless and valueless conclusions of the reason. Well may it be said, therefore, that religious beliefs, though they must satisfy the intellect, are truly the product of a necessity which is not purely rational, but which has its springs in our inmost being. Religious faith, in other words, is not a demonstration of supernatural truths, but a mystery which the mind must acknowledge without being able to explain.

The later developments of religious thought have obscured rather than accentuated this mystery. The stereotyped terminology of the ages, originally palpitating with the subtlest emotions, the most exquisite sensibility, of which human nature is capable, is far from an appropriate medium for the revelation of new truths in a period by no means fruitful in new interpretations of the meaning of life. The religious consciousness of modern Christianity has been too much

*1 Cor. 2:1-4.

dulled and deadened by literalism. Perfunctorily stated dogmas, ill chosen texts of Scripture, and barren theological formulæ have been accepted as affording a complete expression of religious truth. That which is ineffable has been looked upon as readily definable. The soul has been conceived as a substance, the Deity as a human personality, the infinite as finite, the spiritual as material, the heavenly as worldly. Such misconceptions belong not to our own enlightened age, but to that earlier period when the religious faculty was in its childhood and had not learned to distinguish between the natural and the spiritual world. Yet it was the Founder who said that "God is spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit," and in our own day the processes of disillusionment and secularization have gone much too far toward stultifying man's feeling for what is most secret and most holy.

The solvent action of modern critical investigation, however, has melted away many of the fictions and formulæ of the past, and has revealed more clearly than ever before to an awakening spiritual sensibility the true inward essence of Christianity. When venerable teachings are found no longer tenable they are discarded, yet religion does not suffer. While the form in which the truths of religion are stated must undergo revision, underlying those truths is something which never changes. Indefinable as it is, and fraught with inexpressible meanings, it can be convincingly set forth only with the aid of the arts of the rhetorician. To a more primitive civilization, metaphorical interpretations of the hereafter and personifications of elemental mysteries seemed quite unassailable statements of the actual truth. To a modern intellect fact and fiction must be distinguished; symbols must not be confused with that for which they stand. The recognition of this symbolism permeating Christianity to which the world must sooner or later awake would not signify a loss, but would betoken a deepening sense of the mystery of that with which the intellect so vainly grapples. If the elimination of false doctrine instead of obliterating that inner meaning draws attention to it anew, the inevitable struggle for appropriate utterance cannot fail to strengthen the spiritual vision.

This deepening of religious emotion by growing enlightenment is illustrated in many ways. The conception of Christ grows purer and more elevated. That idolatry which has been showered by the ages upon the personality of the Savior and which is so incompatible with the exaltation of his spiritual mission gives way to a more devout attitude, under the influence of that historical spirit which perceives that man can never be perfect, but that it is only the ideal in which and for which he lives which can be divine. The corporeal resurrection of Jesus too feebly expresses his spiritual triumph and immortality longer to satisfy the soul, which must now come face to face with the reality of Christ's divinity, freed from all obscuring extraneous notions. The representation of spirit under the forms of matter no longer appeals to a genuine faith, for the natural and material and the divine and spiritual have become separated. If the conception of Christ has become more reverent, that of God has for the same reason. The old, anthropomorphous personality that spoke from the clouds and ruled the world from a throne in the heavens has given way to that of a less worldly deity, whose thoughts are not man's thoughts and whose ways are not man's ways. The crude symbolism of miracles is seen to be but a travesty on divine omnipotence, and so the repudiation of miracles leads to a deeper consciousness of the sublime. Revolting from fossilized dogmas, the mind is thrown back upon the real subject-matter of religious intuition, to a sense of the relative values of symbolism as a means of expressing spiritual facts.

It is not only true, however, that the old, crude symbolism is rejected, but something better is substituted in its place. If Christ is really divine rather than human, perfect humanity is accepted as the most fitting symbol for that divine which under no other form can be apprehended. If God is not something existing in the world of time and space, but a being apart from it before the awe of which we bow down without understanding why we pray, he is nevertheless more deeply reverenced when we conceive him by the help of the metaphor of a heavenly Father. For such symbolism there is a need that cannot be gainsaid. The soul must, unless it chooses to divest them of all content, express its thoughts concerning a hereafter, a world beyond the veil, a something outside the categories of experience, in the terms of the finite world. The unseen must be grasped with the assistance of the seen. Symbols are for this reason the very life of religion, and when they are perceived to be but symbols, and to have back of them deep truths which cannot be more appropriately expressed, their acceptance does not betoken *Aberglaube* but argues an enlightened faith which is not less intellectually than spiritually sound. The synthesis of reason and faith with which Clement of Alexandria and St. Augustine were blessed is restored, and the ennobling virtue of intellectual integrity becomes once more the sustaining, nourishing food of piety and the love of God.

If symbolism intensifies the veneration which we feel for the Godhead, it also helps to form a more spiritual conception of the soul. Christ glorified the spiritual life in such a way that the everyday personality in which his attitude, his inspiration, and his goodness dwell is transfigured and made to take on a wholly new aspect. The immeasurable worth and beauty of the soul is too delicate, too poetic a conception to be philosophically expressed, but the antithesis of subject and object, of world and will, is not, and from this antithesis results a view of the soul which lends itself readily to the fervent symbolical interpretation of Christianity. For the dignity of the soul would be a colorless idea were it not for the belief in the holiness of virtue as symbolized by the glorious personality of Christ. That sublime illustration of the soul's immortality sanctifies it and enables it to take on the beauty of heaven amid the commonplace surroundings of earth.

Let is not be supposed that the adoption of the symbolical attitude toward time-honored dogmas signifies a disintegration of Christianity. It means rather the rehabilitation of religious faith in accordance with the dictates of a purer and more elevated conception of the true nature of religion. Religion has always been symbolism, even though unconsciously. Primitive man could not distinguish fiction from fact, and even the enlightenment of classical times was destitue of the critical spirit. The old Church Fathers were content to give credence to the marvelous traditions of the Apostolic age without the slightest attempt to verify their historical accuracy, and our Bible is itself a monument to their negligence. Gradually, however, discovery after discovery of science, the progress of historical and archæological investigation, and the formation of a sound critical spirit, have wrought to correct the distortion of religious truth which has existed through the ages. But this process is one not

of destruction, but of renovation. Falsehood can have no value to religion; there can never be anything sacred in error, be it historical, philosophical, or scientific. The re-adjustment which has been necessitated by growing knowledge has resulted in the loss of nothing truly precious or essential. It has, on the other hand, meant a wholesome revival of sincerity and thoughtfulness, for the sophistication inherited from the past was a serious impediment to the development of a genuine, earnest, and sensitive spiritual consciousness. Religion is not a sentiment to be carefully sequestered from observation in the fear that it may be unable to defend itself against the attacks of common sense. It is a reality of the intellect as well as of the heart, and candor and conviction are its proper allies and defenders. It was inevitable that with the advancement of knowledge there should come about a separation of the artificial adjuncts of religious belief from its true inward essence. That dogmas should be regarded as figments, in comparison with the subtle truths which they no longer convincingly set forth, does not argue that Christianity is in danger; it rather shows that it is demonstrating indestructible vitality amid shifting conditions of thought and culture.

Many people who have been bred in the older faith will naturally recoil from the sacrifice of the venerated teachings which they have so long regarded unassailable. Such people will doubtless consider the suggestion that a new attitude be adopted toward these doctrines, which shall be consistent with the achievements of modern inquiry, to savor of irreverence. If every man is to exercise his own judgment with regard to the matter of distinguishing between the essentials and the non-essentials of Christianity, they might say, the result will be a condition of religious license which will work untold injury to the faith.

To this it may be replied that it would be suicidal for the church to resist the intellectual progress of the world. The church can wage war on knowledge only at terrible cost, and only at the risk of endangering the very existence of the purer aspects of religion, as has been the experience of the Roman Catholic Church from the time of Galileo. Moreover, there is no middle course; for the triumphs of the intellect cannot be ignored, but must be either admitted or denied. Scarcely any Protestant will go so far as to say that of the two alternatives that of denial is the safer to choose. Every discovery which has been clearly established must be acquiesced in, be the effect whatever it may. The critical method must itself be treated as friend rather than foe. Friend it must be, for criticism is not destruction; on the contrary, the discovery of every falsehood means the bringing to light of some new truth. The introduction of a freer spirit of inquiry does not mean lawlessness. Of course it is not to be denied that there would be a shifting of theological opinion. But the direction of such a movement would be toward unity rather than toward divergence, for the reason that scientific accuracy cannot become a subject of controversy to persons whose point of view is the same. Moreover, the employment of scientific methods in no sense implies irreverence, nor does it tend to weaken the attachment to wholesome tradition. The action of tradition on the one hand and that of private judgment on the other are the two counterbalanced organizing factors in religious belief, and each of them manifestly tends toward harmony rather than toward discord. The opportunity for disagreement and conflict arises solely from the undue emphasis given to one or the other of these factors at the expense of its opposite. But any disparagement of the scientific spirit can have only a bad effect, for it must result in insincerity and deception, either of which is incalculably more dangerous than the freest, most unrestrained exercise of the right of private interpretation.

The question will doubtless be raised whether a thorough-going adoption of symbolical interpretations justifies one in speaking of one's belief as Christianity at all. Undoubtedly to many people a modified belief rejecting a large part of the most cherished dogmas of the past would not seem to be accurately described as Christianity. Yet few Protestant denominations disfranchise their progressive minority from the right to a voice in matters of interpretation, and the minority of today may become the majority of tomorrow. What deserves to be styled Christianity and what not is a matter of opinion and cannot be settled by rule of thumb. A Unitarian clergyman preaching in the chapel of Harvard University once told his congregation that the denial of the existence of a personal God would mean in his opinion the denial of any God whatsoever. Yet there are people to whom the word "theism" does not necessarily convey the idea of a personal God, just as there are persons calling themselves orthodox Christians who believe in the symbolical rather than the actual divinity of Christ. Whether such interpretations are tenable is perhaps a question which only time can determine.

With regard to the belief in a personal God, it must be admitted that the majesty of the Infinite is greatly belittled by conceiving it subject to the limitations which are inseparable from human personality. If personality be consistent with the notion of God at all, then it must be a divine rather than a human personality. We err, then, in attributing to it characteristically human modes of expression and action, and as our conception of divine personality must be too thoroughly imbued with the sense of the sublime and the holy for us to profane it with imputations of human qualities, the symbol of human personality instantly called up by an allusion to a personal God is objectionable and should be avoided by use of language less likely to give rise to a misconception. When we speak of a personal God, unless we take care to have our meaning understood, we are really questioning his divinity.

The symbol of a personal deity, however, can be kept free from the imputation of human attributes, and then becomes useful as a means of expressing an exalted conception of the divine nature. The teachings of Christ about a loving Father, a tender Providence and a divine Comforter possess a very profound significance and are far from being anthropomorphous. Such beliefs are natural outgrowths of that reverence for the Unseen which is the very essence of all religion. God must be conceived as superior to all worldly limitations, and for that reason we cannot regard him as purely a reflection of our own desires, subject to the same moral law as that governing human society. If, then, we do not find in the world that perfect order and complete adaptation of means to ends which Paley and Butler professed to perceive, that circumstance need not diminish our awe for a being necessarily above human comprehension. The wisdom and goodness of God are immediately made a subject of controversy when we try to prove them by the naive methods pursued by writers on Christian evidences and by poets and parish priests. The true evidence for God's supernatural personality is found not in cosmological arguments, but in the spontaneous conclusions of that inner spiritual sense which finds in the very imperfection of the world the ground for a belief in something more perfect. We believe in

the wisdom and goodness of God because human wisdom and goodness even at their best are impotent and insignificant beside the occult, inscrutable mystery back of them. We believe in God's love because of our passive dependence upon infinite and undefined forces in whose power we live from the hour of birth to that of death, never questioning their tender care. We believe in the divine providence because we cannot but feel that the world is pursuing its own hidden designs, though we cannot observe them, and though they may be aimed at a welfare which is more than merely human. In these beliefs in the attributes of the transcendent Being there is nothing of supererogation; they belong to that sensitive spirit of prayer which is equally reverent amid all the attacks of science and speculation, and which, while never throwing off the yoke of reason, clothes vague abstractions in the warm colors of a quickened and sincere spiritual consciousness. Because of its sincerity, a truly devout faith cannot hedge the divine love, wisdom and providence with the limitations of human personality, for they must pervade the entire universe and must not be belittled by false analogies.

It is only comparatively recently that the Darwinian theory has become so generally accepted that any disposition to question it occasions surprise. It is difficult not to believe that in a few years the higher criticism of the scriptures will become so widely adopted that half-educated people will show a knowledge of its teachings similar to that which they now profess with regard to the descent of man from lower species. Nor is the probability of a gradual spread of the historical spirit and of critical methods in matters of religion, in years to come, to be denied, for the trend of the intellectual movements of the age is unmistakable. It is inevitable, therefore, that new conceptions will establish themselves and that the spiritual significance of Christianity will be apprehended in a new light not only by careful investigators but in time by a large portion of the laity. A new critical spirit in establishing itself will follow the example of the great scientific discoveries of the past in that it will become the heritage even of the ignorant. From this new achievement of civilization will proceed a more enlightened respect for all that is truly sacred and uplifting in other religions besides Christianity. In place of the literalism of the past will then be substituted a symbolism vastly richer in profound truths. That which is most real and most fundamental in Christianity is that which is least readily defined, but its undefinableness does not render it less true or less precious. It cannot be given up with the march of discovery, for it has furnished religion with its life blood in the past and is so real and so vital that it must continue to sustain its energies in the future. With the advancement of knowledge it will probably become more patent that the expression of this subtle inward significance is the goal of all religious doctrine. United in closer harmony than before, mind and heart will then work together with the symbolism of a reconstructed theology to rediscover the holiest, most sacred meanings of life. They cannot fail to find themselves again traveling the beaten path of Christianity in their endeavor to state those meanings in a form which shall not copy that of ancient speculation, but shall show itself well adapted to the temper of modern thought. And the new symbolism will prove more convincing than anything which has preceded it, to the more highly developed spiritual sensibility of a world which shall grow more enlightened in its attitude toward the deepest mysteries of life without becoming less reverent in its feeling toward them.

Science and Religion

The attitude of man to the world in which he lived was that of a curious and timid child before a great temple. He saw but the outside and was afraid to enter. What might be the meaning of the wondrous sights his eyes beheld, he could only conjecture, and since he found his only ground of conjecture in his own fears, timidity and ignorance, he peopled his beautiful temple of earth with strange, unreal and unseemly properties and powers—confusion and chaos reigned.

In pity for man, his child, against whom the doors of his own temple were fast locked, the merciful God sent science into the world. Tall and beautiful she came—figure of man, face of woman; truth looked from her eyes, divine patience was in the lines of her mouth; at her girdle the keys of the temple; one hand held a scroll, the other pointed to the stars. With tender persuasiveness she led man to the hillside caves where crystals were, and bade him question them. He had seen crystals before, had played with them as children with toys, had broken them after the manner of children, and had forgotten them. That they had speech he had never dreamed. But Science would not be denied. "Ask," she said, "and it shall be given you." And this is the tale man heard: "Since time was we have been in the making. That is the law.

"Life, the old artificer that lives in the earth, in the river-beds, and the heart of the rocks, smelted and forged us. See how carefully we are patterned, and how exactly our lines fall. That is the law—of earth, air and water are we compounded, and only life, the old handicraftsman, knows the secret of our making."

Man heard and bowed his head and was afraid. Science still held his hand and pointed to the stars. Her, in wonder and awe, man followed to other hillsides in many lands, and wherever the shining rocks were found, he questioned them.

The answer was always one: "The old smith, Life, made us of things elemental. We have seen the mountains grow, and the oceans scoop out their hollow beds. But the patterns of our making change not. That is the law.

"The cunning old designer, whose handiwork we are, knows neither time, nor change.

"It may be that under your feet at this moment, the old costumer is at work drawing our lines, and welding our parts into shape. That is the law of life, and life is law." Man heard and bowed his head. He was not so much afraid now—but he feared God more. He had discovered law, the unchanging, the eternal. He no longer stood outside the temple. Science had opened its doors to him, and he had entered. There for the first time he communed with the Living God, and was neither ashamed nor afraid. And yet, there are those who speak of the conflict between science and religion.

W. F. Skerry.

Templeton, Mass.

"Blessed is the hand that prepares a pleasure for the heart of a child, for there is no saying where it will blossom forth."

See and scorn all duller taste, how heaven loves color.
How great nature, clearly, joys in red and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flashing hues, made solely to be seen.
—*Leigh Hunt.*

Human Brotherhood

I.

Human brotherhood is one of the very highest conceptions that ever came into man's mind. It is so high and so fine that we must not be surprised that it is slow of realization.

The progress of the human race has been an ascent, —a long, slow, toilsome, struggling, uneven ascent, with many standstills, and some temporary retrogressions, but on the whole an ascent.

We cannot trace the race back to its beginnings; but the farther back we go the cruder we find man's life to have been, the more signs appear of antagonism and conflict, and the less do we discover of brotherhood. Early man had to struggle constantly for an existence. The sexual instinct drew him to his mate. The parental instinct created the family. The necessity for self-preservation taught him to associate with his fellows, and to lend help to them and receive help from them in his and their conflicts with brute and with human foes. He was moving in the direction of human brotherhood, but had not yet reached it, more than in its most imperfect and rudimentary forms. For long ages we find such brotherhood as he knew anything about confined to his own immediate tribe or race or nation.

The earliest great civilization of the Mediterranean world was that of Egypt. But Egypt looked down with measureless pride and contempt upon the peoples around her. When the Jews came on the scene in Palestine, they did little better. They separated the world into two great divisions, Jews and Gentiles, between whom in their thought there was a great gulf fixed. In the same way, the Greeks and Romans held themselves aloof from the so-called "barbarian" nations.

True, to a few of the loftier and broader minds among the Greeks and the Romans there came the thought of one humanity, and a human brotherhood as wide as humanity. In Palestine the same thought came to some of the loftier spirits,—in the Old Testament days to a few of the greater prophets, and in New Testament times to Jesus and Paul. Still, even yet the world was not ready for the thought. And although the new Christianity adopted it in a way, as a part of the doctrine of its founder, yet in a little while it had forgotten it, and buried it out of sight under dogmas that contradicted it and made it of no effect.

But, within the past century the great thought of the brotherhood, the universal brotherhood, of men, as associated indissolubly with and growing necessarily out of the conception of the universal Fatherhood of God, has come to the front in the thinking of the Christian world, and is declaring itself to be vital and central in the teaching of Jesus and in any religion that has a right to call itself by his name. May we not believe that at last the time is ripe for it?—that the mind of the age is ready to receive this great thought, as into soil that has been ploughed and mellowed and prepared for it by all the centuries past, and especially by the wonderful enlargement that has come to men's minds for modern knowledge?

Always the first condition of any feeling that is akin to brotherhood, must be acquaintance. People who are strange to us, whose ways are different from our ways, naturally repel us. Charles Lamb in talking with a friend referred to a certain man as one whom he hated. "But why do you hate him?" said his friend; "do you know him?" "Oh no," replied Lamb, "that is why I hate him; if I knew him I couldn't hate him." It is because races are usually so widely separated from one another, both in habitat and in race characteristics, as color, form, features, language, mode of dress and manner of living, and therefore strangers to each other, that there is so much race antagonism. But this antagonism need not be permanent. Knowledge is fast increasing. All parts of the world and all races of men are being brought into closer touch with one another. There is no reason for the continuance of old ignorances, old prejudices, old feuds, old hatreds, old antagonisms. Intimate acquaintance with races shows that they all possess qualities which in their different ways are interesting and attractive, and which form a solid basis for mutual friendship, regard, and fraternal relations.

Indeed, rightly looked at, difference itself has in it an element of value. How much more interesting is the physical world because there is on its surface a variety of trees, a variety of flowers, a variety of animal life, a variety of scenery! In the same way, how much more interesting is humanity, because there is a variety of races as well as of individuals! I think there is no greater mistake than that of deprecating differences in race, in language, in civilization, in the dress and habits and characteristics of peoples, and wanting to reduce all to uniformity. Uniformity means monotony and poverty. Variety means interest, charm, intellectual and moral wealth. Friendship need not be confined—should not be—to persons of our own class, our own station in life, our own vocation, or even our own race. Some of the warmest and truest friendships ever known have been between men of widely different races. Think of the friendships formed between Livingstone and the natives of Central Africa among whom he lived and labored. Hundreds of those uncultured but simple minded and true hearted people he loved as his own children; and they on their part loved him as a father, and were eager to live and if need were to die for him. Any man greatly narrows and impoverishes his life who does not have friends,—dear and prized friends,—far removed frim his own class. We should learn to care for human beings as human beings, without reference to the accidents that differentiate them one from another or from us. Brotherhood should be as wide as humanity.

J. T. Sunderland.

Hartford, Conn.

When Ministers Had it Hard

"We sometimes complain now," said the minister, "when our salaries are reduced a hundred or two; but how should we go on if we had lived in the eighteenth century? Then indeed ministers had it hard. Listen to this:" He read from an old and faded English newspaper, the *St. James Chronicle* of May 4, 1795—something of an antiquary, he collected all kinds of rubbish—this advertisement:

"Wanted—Immediately, a good, strong, bony man to act in the capacity of curate. He must be subject to the following particulars, viz.: to have no objection to act as gardener, husbandman, miller and occasional whipper-in. Any gent. whom the above may suit, on application to Mr. B., at Gray's Inn Coffee House, may meet with immediate employment.

"N. B.—Character not so much required as equestrian skill, and none need apply who has not undergone a complete stabalarian education."—*Exchange.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—There is a Soul at the center of Nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the Universe.

MON.—If we thought that men were free in the sense that, in a single exception, one fantastical will could prevail over the law of things, it were all one as if a child's hand could pull down the sun.

TUES.—If in the least particular one could derange the order of Nature,—who would accept the gift of life?

WED.—That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations.

THURS.—Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?

FRI.—May it not quit other leadings, and listen to the Soul that has guided it so gently and taught it so much, secure that the future will be worthy of the past?

SAT.—It disdains words and passes understanding; it dissolves persons; it vivifies Nature; yet solicits the pure in heart to draw on all its omnipotence.

—*Emerson.*

The Secret

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin and I and the sweet cherry-tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.

But, of course the robin knows it best,
Because she built the—I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But, if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about
Then the whole secret will be out.

—*Little Flower Folks.*

Only a Potato

Once upon a time, in a garden where beautiful flowers lived and blossomed, a potato grew. How it got there nobody knew, not even the potato itself; but one warm day, after a gentle rain, there it was, pushing its head up through the soft earth.

"A potato in our beautiful garden!" the master said to his wife. "I will pull it up."

She laid her hand on his arm gently and said: "No, let it grow. It has as good right to live as the lilies and roses."

So the potato stayed. Now the flowers were much offended that a common potato should be allowed to grow in their beautiful garden.

"I am surprised," said the Jack rose, swinging gently on the breeze, "that a common potato should be allowed here! Really, I believe I shall not allow any more of my buds to open."

The lily swayed gracefully on her stalk. "I shall not allow myself to be troubled by a homely old potato!" she said haughtily.

"It's a disgrace!" the sweet peas and asters and bachelor's buttons declared. "And of what use is a potato? What notice will be taken of a potato? They neither look pretty nor smell sweet."

"Who will notice a potato when I am in bloom?" the sweet William asked boastfully, and the other flowers tossed their heads scornfully, for they did not consider the sweet William as aristocratic as themselves.

"And I suppose we'll be bothered with potato bugs," the hollyhock said in a loud voice. Then the marigolds sighed heavily.

The mignonette was silent, and the sweet alyssum alone spoke a friendly word for the poor potato. "There is room for us all," she said gently.

Now all this made the poor potato feel very bad, and wish he could get out of the garden, but he could not; and so he stayed and grew. One morning he awoke to find himself covered with pretty blossoms. How happy he was to find he was not wholly an unsightly vegetable in this garden of beautiful flowers! He lifted his head proudly and looked at the other flowers, but they turned scornfully away, all but the alyssum. She waved some of her sweetest perfume to him.

During the weeks that followed the discovery of the potato in the garden the flowers noticed that their gentle mistress did not come among them, and often at dusk their master walked among them alone with sad face and bowed head. They did not know that the dear mistress, who tended them with such loving care, was lying in the house very ill. One day when the flowers were at their loveliest the master and a strange lady walked in the garden together. The lady was smiling and the master no longer looked sad.

"What shall we carry her?" he asked eagerly.

The lady looked about thoughtfully. "Not flowers," she said slowly. The flowers were sadly disappointed, for they were leaning forward eagerly and saying in the flower language: "Take me! Take me to my beloved mistress!"

"She had so many flowers sent her during her illness they trouble her," the lady said. Now the potato remembered how kind the mistress had been to allow him to remain in the garden, and he too would like to have cried, "Take me to my beloved mistress," but being only a common potato, despised by his associates, he kept silent.

By and by the master and the lady, in their walk about the garden, came to the potato. "Oh, Philip!" the lady cried, "see what a fine, large potato vine! This is just the thing to carry Anne! She is longing for a nice, mealy, baked potato, and those in the market are not good." With her own white hand she pulled the vine. The master brought a hoe and, digging in the hill, brought out four large potatoes whose skins, brushed free from dirt, shone in the sun like burnished copper. "Did you ever see such beauties?" the lady cried. "Won't Anne be delighted?"

Then the master and the lady, carrying the potatoes, went into the house.

The potato vine lay on the ground, dying in the hot sun, but wasn't he happy! for he had performed a mission greater than any of his proud and boastful neighbors. The flowers, with shamed faces, turned toward him.

"We were all made for something," the lily said, speaking for them all; "some to be beautiful, some to be useful. Whichever it is is of equal worth in God's sight, and we are justly punished by having you, whom in our ignorance and smallness of soul we despised for being only a potato, chosen to minister to the comfort of our beloved mistress." Bowing their heads, they all saluted the potato.—*Mary Isabel Boynton.*

No servant of the people has a right to expect to be free from just and honest criticism.

It behooves us never to swerve from our resolute purpose to cut out wrongdoing and uphold what is right.

The "business" which is hurt by the movement for honesty is the kind of business which in the long run it pays the country to have hurt.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE RIGHTS OF NATIVES.—The recent congress of the Protestant Association for the Practical Study of Social Questions, held in Paris last month, gave special attention to the question of the Congo in particular and to the treatment of native races in general. However slight and indirect may be the effect of its action, such a report as this from Mr. Bianquis, general secretary of the *Société des missions évangéliques* of Paris, is significant of a growing sense of the rights of the feeble. How far colonization is compatible with those rights is perhaps another question.

I find Mr. Bianquis' declaration of principles summarized in the *Signal de Geneve*, as follows:

Respect for the life of the native.

Every human being has a right to life, and this right is all the more sacred in the case of weaker peoples provided with only rudimentary means of defense. Therefore, whatever may be the rudeness, degradation or savagery of a race, we condemn any policy which tends to its extermination.

Equally to be prohibited is any trade which results in the systematic poisoning of natives. Civilized nations should unite in an understanding for the suppression of the opium trade in Asia and that of alcohol in Africa.

Finally, we condemn all acts of cruelty to natives, such as the resort to torture in the investigation of crimes and misdemeanors; refinements of cruelty in punishment and, in general, all that justly outrages the European conscience under the name of colonial atrocities.

Respect for Native Property.

It is the duty of the civilized to develop, cultivate, and, if need be, create, among the natives the idea of property, particularly of real property. Native property (individual or collective) should receive, wherever it exists, the same protection as European property. The native then can not be deprived of his property except for some end of public utility and at a fair compensation.

As a rule, native peoples need much room in order to live and multiply. Until we have taught them more intensive methods of culture, therefore, we have no right to confine them to such restricted territory that their race is inevitably doomed to perish.

Respect for the Personality of the Native and His Individual Liberty.

Slavery is explicitly condemned by the civilized conscience. It ought then to be banished from our colonies in all its forms, even the mitigated form of domestic slavery.

Hence all traffic in human beings, whether open or disguised, should be interdicted. Native manual laborers particularly, needed for the development of uncultivated territory or for the execution of great public works, should be recruited by means of contractual agreements freely discussed, supervised by the state, guaranteeing equitable remuneration and always assuring to the laborer the possibility of repatriation.

In new colonies, the transition from slavery to free labor sometimes temporarily necessitates resort to forced labor, but the government should see to it that this transition period is made as brief as possible and that it does not result in practical reëstablishment of slavery more or less disguised.

Respect for the Native Family and Usages.

The native family should be respected by the civilized. These, therefore, should not allow themselves any measures tending to forcibly separate wives from their husbands, children from their parents, etc.

The acts of violence against native women and girls, which have caused so many insurrections, can not be too severely reprobated.

Conquerors should respect the manners and customs of natives save such as are tainted with manifest cruelty (cannibalism, human sacrifice, infanticide, mutilation, etc.) or constitute an offense against public morals (prolonged funeral orgies and the like).

While repressing acts of this nature, colonial governments should understand that it is no part of their business to modify native customs by measures of restraint, but that the evolution of morals will naturally follow the diffusion of instruction and, above all, will be determined by the example which Europeans set.

Respect for Native Religions.

It is not the province of colonial governments either to combat or to encourage the native religious practices, nor yet the propaganda made among the natives by the missionaries of different cults. In this matter the attitude of the administration should be one of strict neutrality.

All religions being entitled to the same respect, except in the cases above mentioned, of cruelty or offenses to public morals, governments should repress all such illicit methods of proselytism as the destruction by force of a native sanctuary, and the purchase of children to be sent to schools and orphanages. M. E. H.

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The Tower Hill Summer Encampment

FOR THE SEASON OF 1908

Anticipating the questions of those who are looking for a suitable place to spend vacation months, the following statement is prepared with the approval of and after consultation with cottage owners, the resident settlers on the Hill, in whose hands the management virtually rests.

History: The site of the Tower Hill Encampment was once within the limits of a busy pioneer village and river town, Helena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, which went down with the advent of the railroad and the establishment of Spring Green, leaving Helena at one side. On the top of the bluff was situated at one time the "melting house" of a thriving shot tower (hence the name), the hot pellets falling through a shaft of some two hundred feet into a well on the level of the Wisconsin river, which sweeps around the base of the hill, where the finishing house was situated; the product was shipped by boat in the ante-railroad days down the river to St. Louis and elsewhere. The property was bought in 1890 by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett and S. S. Hunting, with the double motive of rescuing a picturesque and sightly hill, with the surrounding country of great beauty, from vandal fires and wanton neglect, and with the hope of establishing a quiet retreat, where tired ministers, teachers and other city-bound people might find an escape from the noise, the hurry, the strain, the style, the exactions of fashion and the burdensome conventions of society, and for a time enjoy at minimum cost communion with nature, with a few master minds, and, when profitable, with one another. These aims have been kept strictly in view. Life on the Hill is kept very quiet and simple. The residents retire early and the privacy of the cottages is respected. "Plain Living and High Thinking" has been the aim. The men go in their shirt sleeves, women in plain calico or its equivalent, and children in their bare feet. It is no place for Saratoga trunk displays and impedimenta; fine dresses can better be displayed elsewhere.

The Encampment was laid out and the company incorporated by Robert L. Joiner, County Surveyor, and the original clearing and initial work was carried on under his direction and with the coöperation of the Lloyd Jones brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and James Philip and David Timothy, of the Hillside Valley, whose support has been an important element in the growth and strength of the Hill colony. The movement has also enjoyed from the start the coöperation and sympathy of many other neighbors in the vicinity and in the village of Spring Green.

The Plant: By virtue of certain real estate transfers made last year, the Tower Hill Pleasure Company now owns, without debt, with the exception of an unpaid bill for the reroofing of the company houses last summer, a tract of land of about sixty-five acres, effectively enclosed, abundantly shaded by native and planted trees, with an adequate reservoir, from which is piped to the various buildings the purest water, drawn from a well sunk into the Potsdam sandstone, and yielding scarcely a trace of organic matter. It owns a dining room, ice house, pavilion with a seating capacity of 250, with fireplace, class room facilities, one cottage and two long houses for rent, servants' quarters, etc., etc. All the buildings are wire screened and are insect and rain proof. Tower Hill and its river surroundings afford exceptional opportunities for the artist with paint brush or camera, or for the amateur geologist, botanist, ornithologist, etc. A well tilled garden and an adequate dairy supply the table.

Private Cottages: Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company are sold for twenty-five dollars ($25) each; this entitles the holder to a building site, the cottage being private property and subject to sale, though the title to the land remains vested in the company. At the present time the encampment contains sixteen (16) such cottages.

Finances: The expenses of the encampment consist of the wages of one man, who, in addition to the care of the property, gets up the wood, fills the ice house and maintains the garden, and the incidental expenses necessary to keep the water works and the public property in order. To meet these expenses there is paid to the company treasury an annual sustaining tax of twenty dollars ($20) from each cottage owner, and 10 per cent of the gross earnings of the dining room and laundry and the Longhouse rentals.

The Tower Hill Summer School

In the furtherance of the above object, the Summer School held its first session in 1890, its meetings for the first year being held in the school house in Hillside Valley. The Emerson Pavilion was completed and dedicated in time for the season of 1891. Since then the sessions have been held continuously on the Hill, with the exception of 1893, the World's Fair year, when the Encampment was closed and the study classes were held in Chicago in "Unity Building," a boarding home for friendly visitors to the fair, which was rented, equipped and sustained by a Tower Hill committee, and whose net earnings greatly aided in the first equipment, rendered possible by certain "loans" made by a few of the residents, which were never collected and have long since been forgiven and forgotten.

The object of this School from the beginning has been:

First, to give an opportunity for coöperative study of Bible and religious programs from a devout but progressive and scientific standpoint, with the normal school purpose of enabling the students to carry the result of their studies into Sunday School and home instruction. It was organized around the seven years' course of study in religion, printed below.

Second. to deepen the acquaintance with master bards, particularly those most in need of interpretative helps and on that account most in danger of being neglected, viz., Browning, Emerson, Whitman and their fellows.

Third, such study of nature—rock, flower, insect and bird—as the surroundings invite and encourage.

Fourth, the furnishing of such popular and illustrative lectures as the resources of the Hill, the State University and other available material would offer.

Fifth, the holding of such public assemblies, Sunday gatherings, basket meetings, as would interest, socialize and edify the neighbors in that country side.

In all five of these directions the work has been carried on with increasing success, each year adding something to its potency and interest. The Grove Meeting Sundays, two or three in a season, have been greatly appreciated by a constituency representing a circle of attendance whose radius is thirty or more miles in extent.

The conductor of the School has always been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and with the exception of the first years he has given the lessons in religion and the major part of the work in poetry, though a list of those who have assisted in the class room, with object lesson and lecture, would make a long one, too long to be here inserted; an imperfect list would be unfair.

This year's work will be given to the fifth year in the Seven Years' Course, studying the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, as follows.

CLASS IN RELIGION—FIFTH YEAR.

The New Testament.

Introductory.
John, Jesus, Paul (the three boys).
Paul's Letter to the Galatians.
First Thessalonians.
Second Thessalonians.
First Corinthians.
Second Corinthians.
Romans.
Philemon.
Colossians and Ephesians.
Philippians.
Mark (4 lessons).
Matthew.
Luke.
John.
Genealogy and Birth Stories.
The Beatitudes.
Sermon on the Mount.
Parables (2 lessons).
The Women of the Gospel.
The Resurrection.
The Jerusalem Beginning of the New Movement (2 lessons).
The Pastoral Epistles — I. and II. Timothy and Titus.
Epistle to the Hebrews.
The Catholic Letters I. and II. Peter, James and Jude.
I., II. and III. John.
The Book of Revelation.
The Apocryphal New Testament.
Review and farewell for the season.

The following partial list of reference books is recommended:

Bacon's "Introduction to the New Testament," "Twentieth Century New Testament," "A Wicket Gate to the Bible," with charts by W. C. Gannett; "Life in Palestine When Jesus Lived," by Carpenter; "A History of New Testament Times in Palestine," Mathews.

"The Gospel and Its Earlier Interpretations," Cone; "Introduction to the New Testament," Julicher; "Jesus," Bousset; "The History of Early Christian Literature," Von Soden; "The First Three Gospels," Carpenter; "The Prophet of Nazareth," Schmidt; "The Synoptic Gospels," Cary; "Thessalonians, Corinthians, Galatians, Romans and Philippians," Drummond; "Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians, Philemon, the Pastoral Epistles, James, Peter and Jude," Cone; "The Johannine Literature, Acts," Forbes.

"A Biblical Introduction," Bennett & Adeney; "The Apostolic Age," McGiffert; "The Formation of the New Testament," Ferris; "Christian Origins," Pfleiderer; "What Is Christianity?" Harnack; "Paul, the Man, the Missionary, and the Teacher," Cone; "Mark," Solly; "History of the Higher Criticism," Nash; "History of the Textual Criticism," Vincent; "Biblical Theology of the New Testament," Gould; "Theology of the New Testament," Stevens; "Sources of Our Knowledge of the Life of Jesus," Wernle; "Beginnings of Christianity," Wernle (2 vols.); "Apologetic of the New Testament," Scott; "Jesus Christ Before His Ministry," Stapfer; "Jesus Christ During His Ministry," Stapfer; "The Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ," Stapfer; "Jewish People in the Time of Christ," Schurer; "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," Edersheim; "Ecce Homo," Seeley; "New Testament Times in Palestine," Mathews; "Kingdom of God," Bruce; "Teaching of Jesus," Wendt; "Social Teaching of Jesus," Mathews; "The Apostle Paul," Farrar. The first four very cheap books will make an adequate equipment.

Daily Program. 8:30 to 9:30, nature studies; 11:15 to 12:30, Bible work; 7:30 to 8:30, three times a week, poetry work, special lectures; 8 p. m. No study work on Saturday. Sundays on Tower Hill not given to public meetings are days of quiet, with abstinence from boisterous games or activities that call for extra work for men or horses.

Dates and Prices

Tower Hill Encampment, July 1—September 16; Tower Hill Summer School, July 19—August 23; Women's Congress, August 21, 22, 23.

Board at the dining room is furnished at four dollars and a half ($4.50) a week; room in Long Houses, with double bed, $3 per week. For the season there are always some cottages that can be rented, but applications should be made early. So far as the capacity of the laundry permits washing will be done at usual schedule rates. Transportation between Spring Green and the Hill, a distance of three (3) miles, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents; valises and similar packages, 15 cents. Round trip from the Hill to Spring Green and return, when seats can be spared in the buckboard, 25 cents. Teams for special trips and rides, carrying six (6) passengers, can be ordered at any time from Spring Green livery at the rate of a dollar an hour. Registration fee, five dollars ($5), including all classes and evening lectures. Family tickets, seven dollars ($7); single admission, 25 cents.

General Information

Spring Green is the railroad, postoffice and telegraph station. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, one hundred and eighty (180) miles from Chicago. Those wishing to reach the Hill with least delay should notify by letter in time for the buckboard to meet the train, though a livery at Spring Green is always accessible on short notice. For further particulars address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

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FIFTH YEAR.—"The New Testament, The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion."

SIXTH YEAR.—"The Growth of Christianity."

SEVENTH YEAR.—"The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion; from Erasmus to Emerson."

Tower Hill Cottages, Etc.

Name.	*When Built.*	*Present Owner.*
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Exforth	1892	Mrs. Edith Lackersteen
Fernwood	1892	Miss Wynne Lackersteen
Maxwelton	1892	Mrs. A. L. Kelly
Leafring	1892	Miss Cordelia Kirkland
————	1894	Rett E. Olmstead
Lanier	1896	Miss R. A. Hatherell
Wahzedah	1901	Miss E. H. Walker
Welawiben	1903	Miss Bertha Howe
Blaencathal	1901	T. R. Lloyd Jones
Pine Lodge	1905	Harry Hyman
Brantwood	1905	Mrs. Mallory
Cedarknowe	1905	Granville R. Pike
Waldesruh	1905	Mrs. Irwin Rosenfels
Hotel Extreme	1892	Tower Hill Pleasure Company
Unity Club Long House	1892	Tower Hill Pleasure Company
Woman's Resolve Long House	1892	Tower Hill Pleasure Company
Old Helena		Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Hermitage (Outside grounds)		Jenkin Lloyd Jones

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